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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN, DANISH, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

By
Hon. Wm. Herbert, 1778-1847

Giace, tra l'alto fiume e la palude,
Picciol sentier nell' arenosa riva.

ARIOSTO. 15. 49.

London:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The ballad of Lenardo and Blandina is translated from the German of Bürger, who is well known in this country, as author of Leonora. The tale is similar to that of Guiscard and Sigismunda in Dryden, but the style and character of this ballad is very different from that of the English fable; and it is perhaps singular, that Bürger, who copied much from our language, should not in this instance have borrowed from Dryden's excellent poem. The story is found in Boccaccio. The first part of the ballad is heavy, and very inferior to the rest; and on that account I have not printed the first 128 lines, which would have been tedious. They contain little poetical beauty, and the story may be comprised in a few words.—Blandina, a beautiful Princess of Burgundy, having rejected many suitors of high rank and character, becomes enamored of her page Lenardo. She is even less scrupulous, than Sigismunda; and takes the earliest opportunity of declar-

ing to him the fondness, which her looks had already betrayed, by means of a letter artfully concealed within an apple, in which she desires him to meet her at midnight under the tree, whence it was culled. The page, who appears throughout to have been a great coward, hesitates at first; but, when midnight sounds the summons of love, he springs from his couch, and repairs quickly to the tree, whence he is conducted without further ceremony by the Princess to a vaulted chamber in an ancient ruin, which she had chosen for her summer bower.

'Tis midnight, and sleep overshadows the sight,
But the eye of the traitor sleeps not in the night.
Lenardo! Lenardo! beware of thy way,
Ere yet the cock hails the first dawning of day!

A Spanish Prince, who had been an unsuccessful suitor to Blandina, but still lingered at the court of Burgundy, happened that night to be solacing himself with a starlight walk, and observed the lovers. He immediately gave the alarm; and the old father, distracted

with fury, accompanied him to the door of the passage leading to the vaulted chamber, where a lamp shone faintly.—I have not attempted in this translation to copy the manner of the old English ballads, which has been adopted by some of Bürger's translators; because the German poetry has very little resemblance to it. The mad song of Blandina bears strong marks of the corrupt taste of Germany, and perhaps it should have been omitted.

The four odes from Gesner, which I have imitated, are printed amongst his Idylls. I have subjoined a Greek version of another by Mr. W. Frere. This is all the German poetry by Gesner, that I have seen; and I believe he did not publish any more, which is much to be regretted.

A volume, entitled Syr Launcelot, &c. (which I understand has been published by a gentleman bearing the same name with myself) having been attributed by *several* persons to me, I beg leave to disclaim all knowledge of that work, which I have not even seen.

1803. *W. HERBERT.*

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ERRATA.

Page 14. line 11. *for* grean *read* green
—— 31. —— 15. *after* and *insert* a comma.
—— 61. —— 24. *for* unshakled *read* unshackled.

LENARDO AND BLANDINA.

From the German by Bürger.

1801.

* * * * * *

The old monarch listens, and pausing he hears
The voice of the lovers just reaching his ears.
With kisses soft-glowing each other they press,
With love breathing words, and with tender caress.
"My darling! my darling! what troubles thy mind?
To thee my fond bosom faith ever shall bind.
Thy princess by day, but in night's secret shade
Here may'st thou command me, thine own loving maid."
"O beautiful princess! O wert thou to me
The humblest of maids of the humblest degree,
My bosom would meet thee with rapture and joy;
But love is now blended with anxious alloy."

"My sweetest! my sweetest! ne'er heed what they say!
I am not thy princess by night or by day.
For the lap of sweet love will I barter the throne,
My father's rich empire, his sceptre, and crown."

"O fairest of fairest! O couldst thou but prove
Thus tender for ever, thus constant in love!
Some prince, or rich baron, from far, or from near,
Will woo thee, and win thee, and make thee forswear.
The wind quickly rises, the water swells high;
But the winds pass away, and the waters flow by:
And woman's fond love is like water and wind;
So it flows, so it passes away from the mind."

"Let them woo me, and woo me, from far, and from near,
No baron, no prince shall e'er make me forswear.
My dearest! my dearest! so sure will I prove
Thus tender for ever, thus constant in love.
Like wind and like water my fondness you'll find;
Fast flows by the water, fast passes the wind;
Yet ne'er will all pass, nor will all flow away:

So my love will flow ever, nor yet pass away."

"O beautiful princess! still sorely I fear;
Sad fancies assail me, sad omens appear.
The ties will dissolve, and the marriage-ring break,
If we care not the blessing of heaven to seek.
Whene'er the proud king shall our fondness have heard,
My heart's blood will flow on the murderous sword;
And thou in some vault of the castle wilt groan,
Disgraced, and unpitied, and perish alone."

"Dear youth, Heaven tears not the bonds, that are wove'
By faith, by true fondness, and mutual love.
None will hear, and none see, thro' the stillness of night
The joys, the soft transports, of tender delight.
Come near me, loved husband, and give me one kiss,
Dear pledge of sweet faith and of rapturous bliss."

He came, and he kiss'd her cheek blushing with love,
And the charms of her touch all his terrors remove.
With kisses soft-glowing each other they press,
With love breathing words, and with tender caress.

Enraged the king hears them their passion disclose,
But bolts and strong locks did his passage oppose.
He waits, and he watches with rage-swelling breast,
As a dog, that has crouch'd at the den of a beast;
While the heart of the youth, which no pleasure can warm,
Grows colder and sadder with fearful alarm.
"Awake, my sweet princess! I hear the cock crow;
Let me leave thee, before the bright morning shall glow!"
"O sweetest! awhile in my bosom delay;
'Tis but the first night-watch, and safely you stay."
"Look out, my sweet princess! the heavens grow light;
Let me leave thee, ere round us the morning shine bright!"
"O dearest! awhile in my bosom delay;
The light will not yet our fond raptures bewray."
"Ah listen, my princess! Ah hear'st thou the sound
Of swallows, that * warble their matins around?"

* *Germ.* Wirbeln.

" O my darling! awhile in my bosom delay;
Thou hear'st but the nightingale's love breathing lay."
" Let me leave thee! I hear the cock, loudly that crows;
The morning shines clear, and the morning air blows;
The swallows they warble. O let me depart!
O let me! alas! what so troubles my heart?"
" Adieu, my sweet husband! nay, yet tarry here!
Ah me! my sad bosom! why heaves it with fear?
Here shew me thine heart! O why throbs it so sore?
Dear heart, love me now, and to-morrow night more!"
" Farewell, my sweet princess!" Then crept he away,
And fled thro' the passage with fear and dismay;
All trembling, and pale, as the dead, with affright,
He stumbled along by the glimmering light.
O then from their ambush they both rush'd amain,
And, " Shalt thou for Burgundy's crown woo in vain!"
Thus crying they smote the fair page to the ground;
" There, hast thou the dowry! there take it, thou hound!"

" O merciful Christ, take my soul to thy rest!"
He said, and his dying head sunk on his breast.
His soul from his bosom with fearful dismay
Then fled, unappointed, unhousel'd, away.
The proud Spanish prince, fiercely foaming with rage,
With his blade rent the breast of the beautiful page.
" Here shew me thine heart! O why throbs it so sore?
Hast thou had love to-night? wilt to-morrow have more?"
Then tore he the quivering heart from his breast,
And sated his fury with horrible jest.
" Now, heart, then I have thee! why throbs it so sore?
Love now, thou fond heart, and to-morrow love more!"
Meanwhile the fair princess wild terrors assail;
Strange dreams in her sleep and sad visions prevail;
Of pearls stain'd with blood, garlands dropping with gore,
Of horrible dances, and hellish uproar.
From morning till evening all mournful and sad
On the bed her fair limbs sick and weary she laid.
" Come, midnight, and quiet my fearful alarms!
Come, midnight, and bring the dear youth to mine arms!"

" And, when midnight had sounded the summons of love,
And the tranquil stars gleam'd in the heavens above,
" Ah me! my fond bosom! why throbs it so sore?
Hark! hark! 'tis the sound of the small hidden door."
Then enter'd a youth all in mourning array'd,
With a torch, and a shroud, and approach'd to the maid;
And a bloody ring broken before her he threw,
And, slowly returning, in silence withdrew.
Then follow'd a youth all in purple array'd,
And a gold urn he bore, which he placed by the maid;
A gold urn with handle, and lid, and the crest
Of the king on its glittering cover impress'd.
Then follow'd a youth all in silver array'd,
And a letter he bore, which he gave to the maid;
To the maid all with horror and wonder inspired,
And bow'd, as he went, and in silence retired.
And, when the sad princess with terror all pale
Had read in this letter the horrible tale,
Dim, dim grew her sight, as if clouds gather'd round;

She clench'd it with anguish, and sprung from the ground:
And, soon with strain'd vigor collecting her might,
From her high-throbbing bosom dismissing affright,
Thus danced she, thus sung she, loud crying, "Hurrah!
My bridegroom is there; let the loud harpers play!
Hurrah! hurrah! dance ye with pleasure and love!
The garland waves round me! my feet nimbly move!
Now dance, all ye lords, and ye ladies so gay,
And still, as ye dance, let the loud harpers play!
O see ye my true love in silver array'd,
How noble his figure, how gracefully made?
Do ye see on his bosom a purple star shine?
Hurrah! all ye lords, and ye ladies so fine!
Now dance ye with pleasure! why thus turn away?
Why scorn him, ye lords, and ye ladies so gay?
For he is the bridegroom, and I am the bride;
And the angels of heaven the marriage-bond tied.
Now dance ye! now dance ye! Why thus turn away?
Why scorn him, ye lords, and ye ladies so gay?
Away, ye proud rabble, away from mine eyes!

I hate all your titles, your pride I despise.
The lord and the slave spring alike from the earth,
And a noble heart graces the meanest in birth.
My beautiful page bore a worthier mind,
Than ever the breast of a noble enshrined.
Play, play, the sweet music of pleasure and love!
The garland waves round me! my feet nimbly move!
Hurrah! to the dance of the wedding! hurrah!
My bridegroom is here, let the loud harpers play!"
Thus sung she, still dancing; thus danced, as she sung;
Till on her cold bosom the dew of death hung.
The dew of death gather'd her pale cheeks around;
She panted, and fainting she fell to the ground.
When the warm blood began to her heart to return,
Her hands just reviving she stretch'd to the urn;
In her arms she embraced it, and on her lap held,
And, raising its top, the dire sight she beheld.
His heart seem'd against her still throbbing to beat,
As if yet it felt pain, as if yet it felt heat.
Then fast from her fair eyes all clouded with woe,

Like rain-drops thick streaming, the bitter tears flow.
" O anguish! now seem'st thou like water and wind;
Swift flows by the water, swift passes the wind;
Yet ne'er will all pass, nor will all flow away;
So thou, bitter anguish, wilt ne'er pass away!"
Then sunk she heart-broken with sad hollow eye
In the cold sweat of death on the pavement to lie;
And with painful convulsion fast, fast, to her breast,
Fast, fast, to her fond heart, the bloody urn press'd.
" Dear heart! I lived for thee, and for thee shall die.
O it bursts thro' my bosom, still throbbing so high!
It weighs, O it weighs, like a stone, in my breast!
O merciful Christ, take my soul to thy rest!"
Then closed she her lips, and then closed she her eyes;
Now the messengers hasten'd; the king heard their cries:
Swift and loud thro' the castle their mournful shrieks sound,
" The princess, the princess lies dead on the ground!"
Distracted the monarch with fury was moved,
So dearly his darling Blandina he loved;

He valued her more, than his sceptre and crown,
And more, than the gold of his glittering throne.
As he rush'd t'wards the traitor with agonised mind,
"What reward dost thou hope for thy treason to find?
On Burgundy's ground shall thy heart's blood be spilt,
To pay the just price of thy treacherous guilt.
Her blood cries to heaven for vengeance on thee,
And justice above speaks the fatal decree."
His glittering dagger then quickly he drew,
And with fury the vile Spanish reptile he slew.
"O wretched Lenardo! Blandina beloved!
O merciful God, by my sorrow be moved!
My child, if my sad crimes may yet be forgiv'n,
Accuse not thy sire at the high throne of heav'n!"
Thus grieving too late did the monarch repent,
And curse the foul deed, when his anger was spent.
Of silver a sumptuous coffin was made,
And the true lovers' bodies together were laid.

THE

MORNING SONG.

From the German by Gesner.

1792.

Hail, orient Sun, auspicious light!
Hail, new-born orb of day!
Lo, from behind the wood-crown'd height
Breaks forth thy glittering ray.

Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dew-drop shine!
O may sweet Joy's enlivening beam
Mix his pure rays with thine!

The Zephyrs now with frolic wing
Their rosy beds forsake;
And, shedding round the sweets of spring,
Their drowsy comrades wake.

Soft Sleep and all his airy forms
Fly from the dawning day:
Like little loves O may their swarms
On Chloe's bosom play!

Ye Zephyrs, haste; from every flow'r
The sweetest perfumes take;
And bear them hence to Chloe's bow'r;
For soon the maid must wake!

And hovering round her fragrant bed
In breezes call my fair;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her golden hair!

Then gently whisper in her ear,
That ere the Sun gan rise,
By the soft murmuring fountain here
I breathed her name in sighs.

THE

SEA VOYAGE.

From the German by Gesner.

1795.

It flies, the ship, which bears my love
To distant realms away!
May nought, but Cupids, round thee move;
No breeze, but Zephyr, play!

Soft, soft, ye billows, heave around!
Upon the rolling sea
Still, as you mark the white waves bound,
My true love, think on me!

The birds here warble in the trees
Their tenderest notes for you,
Each green leaf trembles to the breeze,
Each reed, and shadowy bough.

O let thy swelling waves be laid!
O hush thee, roaring sea!
Ne'er trusted yet a sweeter maid
Her angel form to thee!

Pure, as the Sun's reflected blaze
Upon thy glassy flood;
Fair, as of old the lovely grace
Of sea-born Venus stood;

When Gods, in sedgy caves that dwell,
Beheld with ravish'd eyes
All naked on her frothy shell
The perfect beauty rise;

Forgot their sports, their nymphs forsook,
Nor reck'd their jealous mood,
But to the shore with eager look
The queen of love pursued.

THE

WATERFALL.

From the German by Gesner.

1795.

Is this the vale, whose shadowy wood
Breathed o'er my bosom strange delight?
Is this the rock, whose sparkling flood
Plunged lightly from the wood-crown'd height?

Lo! where the foaming stream from high
Dash'd on its mossy couch below,
A frozen column meets my eye,
Suspended from the beetling brow.

How bare, how naked, frowns the glade!
Where late in thick o'er-arching bow'rs
Soft zephyrs thro' the foliage stray'd,
And gently waved the scented flow'rs;

Where late the glancing sunbeams play'd
On the bright waves and mossy bed;
Or gleam'd along the checker'd shade,
Which leafless now o'er-hangs my head.

Soon, soon, sweet spring will warm the sky,
And deck the groves with livelier hue;
Awake each floweret's sparkling eye,
And melt the frost with genial dew.

O then receive me in your shade,
Ye rocks, that crown the vallies deep,
Ye woods, that deck this watery glade,
And wave beneath the rocky steep!

No cares shall there my bosom pain;
No fearful thoughts my heart alarm;
From hill, from grove, and flowery plain,
Shall sweetly steal a soothing charm.

And wherefore envy those, that shine,
And bask in fortune's transient beam?
While with my flask of jovial wine
I lay me by the rippling stream;

While sweet success may crown my lays
Amid these cool delicious bow'rs;
And future ages learn to praise
The pastime of my harmless hours.

SONG OF A SWISS

TO

HIS MAID IN ARMOUR.

From the German by Gesner.

1798.

WHAT beauteous vision charms my sight!
'Tis you, my darling maid;
The polish'd helmet's trembling light
Beams from your gentle head.

A varied plume waves with the wind
Upon your lovely brow;
From which the auburn curls behind
In simple ringlets flow.

An iron breast-plate rudely feels
Your heaving bosom rise.
Ah cruel steel! which thus conceals
That bosom from my eyes.

Yet charm'd I view the graceful knee,
The slender ankle too;
Which late the robe forbade to see,
And fancy faintly drew.

At Eden's gates in arms array'd
A blooming cherub stands;
Like him you shine, my lovely maid,
And raise your guardian hands.

As his bright looks the fiend oppose,
But joy the good to see;
Your blue eye frights our haughty foes,
Yet sweetly smiles on me.

Harmless o'er you each hostile dart
Shall lightly whistle by;
Alone to wound that tender heart
Love's gentle arrows fly.

NOTE

ON THE

SONG OF A SWISS

TO

HIS MAID IN ARMOUR.

"When Zurich was besieged by the Emperor Albert, the wives and daughters of that state arrayed themselves in breastplates, and mixed with the soldiers in complete armour. The emperor was alarmed at the numbers of their army, and retired from their territory." *Gesner.*

This seems to me to be a mistake. Zurich, as I reckon, was not besieged by the Emperor Albert, but by Albert Duke of Austria, assisted by the Emperor Charles the fourth, in the year 1354. He was unsuccessful in this siege, to which Gesner probably alludes. He was son to Albert the first, and (I believe) grandfather to Albert the second, but was never Emperor. For the account of his besieging Zurich, see *Schmidt's History of Germany, vol. 4th.*

SIR EBBA.

Translated from the Danish.

1803.

Sir Ebba let * bigg a bower so tall,
As still each native knows,
There sing the small thrush and the nightingale,
Two damsels within it repose.

Sir Ebba he must to Iceland go
To bear his lord's behest;
That bower, I ween, his daughters two
Will find no place of rest.

Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild there
Leagued with their mother came,
To harm Sir Ebba's daughters fair,
And work them scath and shame.

* *Let bigg a bower*, caused a bower to be constructed.

The younger brother trembled sore
To work the damsel's shame.
"Comes Sir Ebba in peace to his native shore,
He venges his daughter's fame."

Then pale and wan grew his mother's face,
And savage wax'd her heart.
"Thou bear'st not the soul of thy father's race,
But play'st a coward's part.

There's none within to check your might
Beside two varlets small;
And, were they both in iron dight,
They must before ye fall."

Early in the morning
They whet the shining spear;
At the close of evening
Before the bower appear.

Under the lofty chamber's tier
In rush'd the knights amain;
They ask no leave, they know no fear,
But fast the chamber gain.

Up then awoke those ladies fair
To guard their maiden pride;
Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild there
Lay by their snowy side.

The damsels wept full bitterly
With many a maiden tear;
And pray'd them for their modesty
To dread their father dear.

Up rose the knights, and went forth, ere
Day lit the mountain's side;
They thank'd for what they gain'd by fear,
But dared not longer bide.

The younger sister wailed soon,
For she fell first to shame;
"Let us sink with a stone in the billows down,
And bury our blighted fame."

The elder sister answer'd strait;
"Nay, gentle sister, nay,
Our sire from Iceland we'll await;
He'll venge us, if he may."

It was the good Sir Ebba there,
From Iceland home he came;
To meet him both his daughters fair
All weeping went with shame.

"Now welcome, welcome, father dear;
So sore for you we cried;
Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild here
Have stain'd our maiden pride."

Sir Ebba's heart wax'd sore with woe,
To hear their mournful plight;
And, "Ill to Iceland did I go;
Now come the deadly fight!"

"You must not for our ravish'd fame
Bear helm and weapons keen;
We will by craft avenge our shame,
Though reft of honor sheen."

It falls upon a Christmas night,
To mass the people hies;
Betimes to whet their daggers bright
Sir Ebba's daughters rise.

Now shall Sir Ebba's daughters do
A deed of scath, I ween;
But they must not to the altar go
Without their weapons keen.

Sheen, bright.

Lady Metelill smiled, and a glowing hue
Gleam'd under her rosy skin;
And, "Stand ye up, like ladies true!
Let the brides of my children in!"

Sir Bonda and Sir Schinnild there
To join the mass had sped;
And Trunda young, and Zenild fair
Did fast behind them tread.

North within the armory bright
Young Trunda drew her blade;
South before the altar's light
Sir Bonda 's fallen dead.

South beside the altar's ledge
Fair Zenild drew her knife;
North upon the grunsel edge
Sir Schinnild lost his life.

Grunsel, threshold.

" Here stand we now as widows two,
For neither is now a maid;
And, lady, take your children two
To eat with salt and bread!"

Seven winters o'er that mournful place
Sad interdiction hung;
Nor rite was done, nor holy mass,
Nor funeral anthem sung.

On Helen's hill was a chapel built,
And there went woman and man;
Till the Pope absolved the church from guilt,
And loosed the fatal ban.

NOTES

ON

THE BALLAD OF SIR EBBA.

THE ballad of Sir Ebba is translated from an old Danish song printed in *Suhms Nye Samlinger til de Danske Historie* from a manuscript of Dr. Deichman's, who lived at the close of the seventeenth century, and travelled through Germany, Holland, and England; during which excursions he kept a literary journal, and continued it after his return to Denmark. The ballad is extracted from this journal with the following account. "Mr. Peter Wiskinge communicated to me the following old song, which has never been printed, and is founded upon a story still preserved in the traditions of the old people of Höybye; where the hill is shewn, upon which divine service was performed during seven years, while the church was under the Pope's ban." It is in metre and expression, as well as in the conduct of the story, exactly similar to our old ballads;

and on that account I have been desirous of translating it as literally, as possible. After every stanza in the original a short verse is repeated, of which the English would be "So merrily they went." It has no meaning in its place, but was used as a burthen, like "Bonny St. Johnson stands upon Tay," and other lines of that sort. This ballad is named "An old song about Sir Ebba, who dwelt upon an island called Buuröe in the parish of Höybye in the lordship of Aad." The lordship of Aad is in Seeland, not very distant from Copenhagen. The names Ebba, Bonda, and Trunda, are spelt in the Danish with a final *e*, which is pronounced almost like a short *a* in English.

V. 1. "*Let bigg a bower so tall.*" In the original it stands, "Lod bygge saa höje en buure." The similarity of expression in the old Danish and old English is here remarkable. The verb *let* is frequently used as an auxiliary by the old English writers, as in the mort d'Arthur, c. 127. "Sir Galahalt the haute prince let cry, what knight somever he was, that smote down Sir

Palomides, should have his damosel to himself." c. 128. "Sir Launcelot let blow unto lodging." and c. 131. "Sir Galahalt the haute prince let blow unto lodging." To bigg is common for to build or construct; as in the minstrelsy of the Scottish border, v. 2. p. 7. "And he's bigged a bour on gude green wood." Buur or bur in Danish means a cage; but I have ventured in this place to translate it by the word *bower*, of which I am persuaded this is the origin. Johnson gives a very unsatisfactory etymology of our word *bower*, or *bour*, deriving it from the *boughs* of trees, with which he supposes it to be constructed, or from the verb to *bow*, or bend. The most frequent sense of the word in old writings is a chamber, or the apartment of a lady; and meaning (as I have observed) in the Danish a cage to keep birds in, it seems to have had a metaphorical allusion to the old word *burd* or *byrd*, which is frequently used for a maid; as for instance in the beautiful song of Helen of Kirkonell Lee, "When in my arms burd Helen dropt, And died to succour me."

In this ballad the thrush and nightingale seem to be used metaphorically for the damsels. It appears in a note by Bussæus to king Alfred's Periplus Outheri, that the species of whale, which is called by the Norwegians Huus-vhal, was formerly known by the name of Burh-valr. Olaus Magnus, lib. 21. c. 22 and 23. relates, that the inhabitants of the northern coasts made their huts of the skeletons of whales covered over with skins; and this had induced me to imagine, that the name alluded to this custom: but in the notes to Speculum Regale, p. 127. it is stated to be derived from the particular structure of the whale itself. "Det navn Buurhval, som dem gives af det Buur eller Forraads-Kammer *(cellá cibariá)*, som er i deres hoved." *i. e.* "The name Buurhval, which is given them from the *Buur* or provision-chamber, which is in their head." I find, that Bur is used in the Anglo-saxon for a hut, or chamber; as it is likewise in the Icelandic. Bur is also used in the Icelandic for a larder; and in compound fata-bur, a clothes-press; so that it appears

to be the root of bureau, as well as bower. Bua, Island. and boe, Dan. is to inhabit, from whence Bu, bo, bol, boepœl, Isl. Swed. and Dan. for a habitation, and By, or bye, a town, whence our word bye-laws. Jomfrue-bur is still used in Danish for a maiden's chamber.

V. 25. This change of metre is in the original also.

V. 77. Lady Metelill seems to be the mother of the two knights, and she speaks here ironically.

V. 85. "*Armory.*" In the original it is Vaabenhuus, or Arm-house. Anglo-saxon, Wæpenhus. It must mean a part of the church, in which the public weapons were deposited. It is still the custom in Denmark to have an armory in most parishes, either in or attached to the church. I find in a Swedish book Wapenhus interpreted the porch of a church; and this is probably the meaning of Vaabenhuus in this ballad, the arms being suspended in the entrance of the church.

FROM

THE DANISH.

In Evalds Fiskerne.

1803.

From high the seaman's wearied sight
Spies the green forests with delight,
  Which seem to promise rest and joy;
But woe is him, if hope deceives,
If his fond eye too late perceives
  The breakers lurking to destroy.

O sweetest pledge of love and pleasure,
Enchanting smile! thy depth I'll measure,
  Wary, as in the shallow tide;
That, if beneath that garb of beauty
The mind has shoals to wreck my duty,
  I strait may seek the waters wide.

SPEECH

OF

LUSIGNAN.

From the Zaire of Voltaire.

1801.

My God, I have fought sixty years for thy fame,
Seen thy temple demolish'd, and perish thy name;
Twenty years my sad vows in a dungeon were pour'd,
My tears for my children thy mercy implored;
And, when thou restorest them, to double my woe,
When I find a lost daughter, I find her thy foe.
My child, dearest object in death's latest pains,
Think at least of the proud blood, which throbs in thy veins!
Of Christian kings 'tis the pure martyr'd blood;
'Tis the blood of true heroes, who fought for our God.
O daughter still cherish'd! O knowest thou not
Thine own bitter fate, and thy mother's dire lot?
Know'st thou, daughter, that, when she had given to light
Thee, last and sad fruit of our nuptial delight,

These eyes saw her bosom by murderers torn,
By the hands of those ruffians, to whom thou art sworn?
Thy brothers, dear martyrs destroy'd in my sight,
With gory hands beckon from heaven's blest height.
In this spot, where mine arm has oft vanquish'd his foes,
Where the spirit of him in my feeble voice glows,
For the world thy God died, and for thee, wretched maid,
Whose tongue has blasphemed him, whose bosom betray'd.
Mark this temple, these walls, by thy tyrants possess'd;
All speak of the God, whom thine ancestors bless'd.
Turn thine eyes; near this dome, thy fell master's abode,
Near this impious dome, is the tomb of thy God,
And the mount, to atone for the sins of mankind
Where to traitors unholy his life he resign'd;
Then arose again living. Thou canst not move round,
Without tracing thy God in this thrice hallow'd ground;
Thou canst not remain, without cursing his word,
Renouncing thy father, denying thy Lord.

FROM

CATULLUS, 3.

1792.

With mournful voice and faultering tongue,
With sweetly sympathetic moan,
Begin, ye loves, the funeral song!
The bird, my fair one's joy, is gone!

The bird, she nurs'd with anxious care,
And fondly cherish'd night and day;
For never from the gentle fair
The little darling wish'd to stray.

Now perch'd upon her graceful head
With frolic wing and warbling throat;
Now on her snowy bosom laid
He sweetly tuned his artless note.

Cold death, alas! has closed his eyes;
(With tears bedew his funeral urn!)
In those sad realms of night he lies,
Whence mortal beauties ne'er return.

Ye barbarous Fates, who love to crop
The prime of youth and beauty's flow'r,
Ah! could ye not relenting stop
The furies of your cruel pow'r!

Behold my fair one's swollen eyes
With tears of never ceasing grief!
Behold her bosom heave with sighs,
To heart-felt pangs the faint relief!

'Tis ye, that cause those tears to flow;
'Tis ye, that cause that breast to heave;
Your hands have oped the source of woe,
And doom'd my lovely nymph to grieve.

FROM

HORACE,

B. 1. *ODE* 22.

1792.

That happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear;

Whether on shores, that Ganges laves,
Or Syrtes' quivering sands among;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
In strange mæanders wind along.

When free from care I dared to rove,
And Lalage inspired my lay,
A wolf within the Sabine grove
Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

Such prodigy the Daunian bands
In their drear haunts shall never trace;
Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
Rough parent of the lion race.

O place me, where no verdure smiles,
No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
No varied scene the eye beguiles,
Nor murmuring rivulets glide around!

Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
Uncheer'd by genial light of day!
Place me on Afric's burning sands,
Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray!

Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
The gentle beauties of her smile,
The gentle music of her tongue.

FROM

CASIMIR SARBIEVIUS,

B. 2. *ODE* 2.

1793.

THE snow, that crowns each mountain's brow,
And whitens every spray,
From each high rock and loaded bough
Will quickly melt away;

Soon, as the sun's reviving ray
Shall warm the northern gale,
And Zephyrs mild their wings display
To wanton in the vale.

When Time upon thine aged brow
Shall shed the fatal show'r,
The hoary frost, the chilling snow,
Will melt from thence no more.

Quick summer flies, and autumn's suns,
And winter's cheerless gloom;
In changeful turn each season runs,
And spring breathes new perfume.

Unchanged o'er us the tempest low'rs,
Till death's last hour arrives;
Nor robe, nor garland deck'd with flow'rs,
The bloom of life revives.

What youth on us but once bestows,
Age once shall snatch away;
But Fame can stop the fatal blows,
And double life's short day.

Long shall he live, whose bright career
Deserv'd a patriot's sigh;
All else flies with the fleeting year,
But Fame can never die.

FROM

ANDREAS NAUGERIUS.

1795.

Midst odorous flowers Hyella chanced to rove,
And the pale lily with the rosebud wove;
Love slumbering in the leaves the virgin spied,
And midst her flowers the tender elf she tied.
Frighten'd he starts, and tries his feeble arm;
His little pinions tremble with alarm.
Soon, as he mark'd her heaving bosom rise,
Her cheeks soft blushing and love-darting eyes,
Arabia's perfumes in her golden hair
Breathing ambrosia on the wanton air;
" Mother," (he cried) " thine empire I disown;
" This lovely seat shall be my future throne."

FROM

B E Z A.

1795.

Zephyr, who feels't nor heat, nor cold,
  But lov'st the vernal ray;
Go, fan my fair one's locks of gold,
  And in each ringlet play!

Since every coast your wings explore,
  And through each climate rove;
Say, have you seen on any shore
  Aught fairer, than my love?

But, gentle Zephyr, tell, I pray,
  While thus you fan her hair,
Will not some curl your wings delay,
  And bind your limbs of air?

For those, which flowing ringlets seem,
Are not soft locks of hair;
Ah! Cupid's net each ringlet deem,
Some lover to ensnare!

For, as the spider's tender toil
Enwraps the unwary bee,
Alas! so Love's successful guile
Has spread the net for me.

Thus, Zephyr, you will soon or late
A tangled victim lie.
But, O ye Gods! if such his fate,
How sweetly will he die!

FROM

THE SPANISH.

By D. Manuel de Villegas.

1804.

O CONSTANT guest of April fair,
Sweet wanderer of the verdant grove,
Zephyr, whose trembling pinions bear
The spirit warm of gentle love!

If thou hast heard my mournful strain,
The tuneful plaint of fond desire,
Go, seek the nymph, who caused my pain,
And fearless tell her, I expire!

Ah! once the maiden heard me mourn,
Nor were my sorrows tuned in vain;
Ah! once she loved; but now forlorn
I prove her wrath, her cold disdain.

Sweet Zephyr! so each heavenly Pow'r,
That rules the changeful gales of spring,
Forbid the sleet or driving show'r
To chill thy light and blithesome wing!

When big the storm with thunder low'rs,
And brightly gleam the summits high,
Nor hail annoy thy humble bow'rs,
Nor frightful tempest rattle nigh!

ODE

TO

DESPAIR.

Irregular.

1796.

1.

O thou, the fiend to Death allied,
Who sit'st by weeping Sorrow's side,
And bid'st unreal shapes arise
Of monsterous port and giant size,
Despair! thy gorgon eye
Can numb the heart with stern controul,
And bind in ice the palsied soul.
Where'er beneath some whistling shed
Thy sullen form is laid,
Scaring from orphan breasts the balm of sleep;
Or listening to the hollow sigh
Of her, whose infants watch and weep,
While round her side with slow consuming pang
The barking dogs of famine hang.

2.

Or cast upon some trackless shore,
'Gainst which the barren billows roar,
Thou turn'st thy leaden eyes in vain
Across the immeasurable main;
And thro' the hoarsely murmuring spray
Hear'st the sad sea-shriek die away:
While thro' the howling storm in awful pride
The baleful spirits of the thunder ride.

3.

Oft by the taper's mournful ray
In arched vaults but dimly seen,
Where cloister'd virgins vainly pray,
Thou lov'st to mark the solemn scene;
And haunt the gloomy cell,
Where pale Regret and hopeless Memory dwell,
And weeping Love; and by his side
Unsated Lust and lingering Pride,
Who left the world, they loved so well;
And Shame, that shuns the day.

4

But fiercest on the blood-stain'd ground,
Where crush'd Ambition stares around,
And kindred Vice of coward soul,
That hugs the knife with downcast eye,
And dreads the blow, she dares not fly;
There sits thy dark terrific form
With swollen balls, that wildly roll,
And points the slowly gathering storm
Big with the threats of fate.
Around thy hideous phantoms wait;
And chiefly he, the giant pow'r,
Whom lustful Sin to Murder bore,
Fell Suicide, that stalks behind
With ghastly smile and baneful breath,
When hope has left the guilty mind,
Sounding the dirge of death.

" L'aura soave, e l'alba rugiadosa,
L'aqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina;
Giovani vaghi, e donne innamorate
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate."

ARIOSTO.

1799.

FROM all the sweets, that scent the vernal air,
All, that on nature's gaudy lap repose,
This humble flower the modest virgin chose,
Pure, as herself, and delicately fair.

Sweet emblem of the maid by all admired,
Thee earliest of the year, some stream along,
Where the lone blackbird trills his mellow song,
My strains shall cherish, by thy sight inspired!

Thee when I view, my fancy still pourtrays
That form, where nature's choicest beauties vie;
The bashful look, that shuns the adoring eye;
The untaught elegance, and simple grace:

Still I behold that rosy smiling mouth;
Those eyes with feeling exquisitely bright,
With tender thoughts and delicate delight;
That bosom glowing with the light of youth.

Thrice happy flower! on nature's simple bed,
Where no refinement taints the breath of spring,
Thou lov'st the genial South-wind's dewy wing,
The clear stream's freshness, and the willow's shade.

There, shelter'd from the sun and vernal hail,
In fearless peace thou rear'st thy modest head;
Or on that fairest bosom gently laid,
No cares molest thee, and no pangs assail.

O! could the troubled mind such calmness prove
In peace and social ease completely bless'd,
The smile of joy would lull each care to rest,
And bind us to the tranquil breast of love.

ANACREONTICS.

" Διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν."

EURIP. HIPPOL.

1800.

RUTHLESS Cupid, wouldst thou bind
Fast and firm my roving mind,
Search, and find a lovely maid,
Fair, as nature e'er display'd!
Let her unambitious be;
Frank, but free from levity;
Guarded so by modest look,
That her thoughts e'en dread rebuke:
What she saith unstudied, best;
Simple, sweet, by nature bless'd.
Let her bosom softly swelling
Heave at mournful story's telling.
Let her sometimes (thus most fair)
Gentle melancholy wear;

Let her sometimes (fairer still)
Chase it by the sweetest smile,
That did ever beauty give
To the loveliest forms, that live.
Give her features not so fair,
As are called regular;
But which might expression lend
Lovelier to the fairest friend:
Sparkling eyes, whose modest fire
Somewhat beams of fond desire;
Tresses soft, that simply flow
O'er a neck of purest snow.
Let her teeth be shining white;
Let her mouth be small and bright,
Of such hue, that freshest rose
By comparison would lose.
Let her feet, a tiny pair,
Figure light and airy bear;
And, like visions of the bless'd,
Scarce have touch'd the soil, they press'd.

Search the world, great God of love,
Search the fairest crowds, that move;
Find her such, and add to this
Meeting wishes, meeting bliss;
Find her such, and thou shalt be
Mine adored Deity.

ON

THE DEATH

OF

* * * *AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS.*

1801.

If manners mild with mirth combined,
If truth adorns a female mind,
And fond domestic love,
Sweet maid, adieu! the farewell tear,
Which friendship pays thine early bier,
Shall every saint approve.

For not the brightest fairest rays,
Which beauty's slippery form displays,
So reason can enthrall,
As the chaste heart, devoid of pride,
The smile to gentle joys allied,
When harmless pleasures call.

Thy name amidst the circle gay,
Who in life's idle sunshine play,
  Shall soon be heard no more;
But those, who loved thy gentle form,
Whose hearts can prize each social charm,
  Will long thy loss deplore.

Friendship, when many a winter's blast
Shall o'er thy mouldering tomb have pass'd,
  Will still thine image view;
Still will the mind, which draws to light
Each fleeting scene of past delight,
  The tender thought renew.

Sweet maid, farewell! thy smiling face
The mournful friend no more shall trace
  Amidst the moving crowd;
But oft the bitter hour recall,
Which saw thee in life's springtime fall,
  And wrapp'd thy fatal shroud.

WRITTEN IN THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD

OF

CROYLAND ABBEY.

1801.

O VENERABLE pile! whose shatter'd form
From abject Croyland's melancholy site
Looks proudly o'er this wide extended plain,
Much of thine ancient grandeur and high name
Old annals tell; much of fierce elfin shapes,
And fiery forms, amid thy lonely fens
Strange sojourners, who never dared invade
Thy hallow'd precincts, but around them lurk'd
To harm the holy pilgrim wandering nigh.
So monks have fabled; now forlorn thou see'st
No mitred feasts, no pride of papal rites:
Fallen are the domes, where once Ingulphus dwelt,
Where pomp and learning reign'd. Thy sounding tow'r
Calls but the simple cottager to pray,

Neglected now: yet not by me unbless'd;
For here unknown beneath a humble roof
Oft have I changed the tumult of the town,
The toil of study, and the city's smoke,
For healthy exercise and private ease;
Forgetful of the busy cares, that lie
Thick scatter'd on the restless path of life.
O holy Solitude! thy charming cup,
Too deeply quaff'd, unfits the social mind
For public intercourse and useful toils;
But sometimes woo'd thou dost correct our thoughts,
Soften the rude asperity of pride,
Wake each pure feeling, and exalt the heart.
On thee, mild Power, (wherever fate shall guide
Thro' the wild storms of faction, which have rent
The solid base of Europe, and now shake
My trembling country) sometimes will I call;
Whether on rushy moor, or shady bank,
In active exercise, or tranquil rest,
Still cherish'd, still chaste partner of my thoughts!

WRITTEN IN

SOMERSETSHIRE.

1801.

O how I love the woody steeps to climb,
Which overhang thy solitary stream,
Clear-flowing Barle! or tread the broken stones,
Round which thy never-ceasing waters foam,
And ever and anón rough-tumbling roar
Beneath the oaken shade. Hail, beauteous hills!
On whose steep sides the coóing ringdove sits,
Or diving thro' the deep expanse of air
Flaps his delighted wings, and towers again;
And thou, romantic spot, where close beneath
Mountsey's proud brow and Anstey's stately moor
Danesbrook and Barle their noisy streams unite:
Upon your sides abrupt the pausing eye
Dwells charmed, as it views each sparkling spring
Shine thro' the gloomy woods, and trickle down.

Delightful dales! your peaceful course along
Joyous I stray, nor heedless, nor unmoved,
With other thoughts, than in the circle gay.
O innocence! O peace! your simple forms,
Fair images on nature's lap impress'd,
More sweetly shew, than all the trick of art,
Or gorgeous splendor of barbaric pomp.
Had I but liberty, and power to roam
Unshakled by refinement, free from care,
Midst Americ's lakes, or Australasian wilds,
Then would I sing of many a savage race,
Who dwell in forests huge and boundless woods;
Of many a spirit, by their fancy form'd,
Who stir the whirlpool, or the tempest guide,
Invisible; and that* enormous bird,
Which, (as Chepewyans tell) ere earth there was,
O'er the wide waste of trackless ocean ranged,
With eyes, that lightening glanced, and thunderous wings;
At whose enchanting touch from torpor roused
The vast earth started from its oozy bed,

* See Mackenzie's voyage in North America.

And all the goodly shapes, which nature wears,
From the deep bosom of the water rose.
Such tales, tho' wild, by many a tribe believed,
Suit well the fictions of sweet poësy:
Delightful fictions of the roving mind,
And so delightful only, as they bear
The simple stamp of nature; worthless else,
Or only valued by distemper'd minds,
Which, pamper'd by the vicious hand of art,
Know not to prize the unpolluted shapes
Of beauty, loveliest, when least adorn'd.
Me other thoughts and other cares detain
Bound to my native land; whose Muses dwell
In Cam's soft breast, or Eton's fostering arms,
Whom to majestic Thames fair Isis bore,
Pledge of their married loves. O parent dear,
From whom I drew the milk of classic lore,
And early learn'd to tune the willing lyre
To other strains, than meet the savage ear!
What meeter service can thy Muses find,

(While Irreligion holds her proud career,
Shaking the thrones of kings and bulwarks old
Of social rule) than chuse some sacred theme,
And from the hallow'd springs of Palestine
Draw numbers chaste and clear? or, if the source
Of those delightful streams be whilom dried
By Milton's holy thirst, attune the lyre
To sing their country's greater poorer days,
And tell, how generous Temple's equal mind
Attemper'd Chatham's pride; while Europe saw
The kindred patriots wield the bolt of war
Invincible, and spread thro' Britain's sons
The virtues, which inform'd their mighty souls?
Nor bootless to such task the love, I bear
To those Aonian shades, where Lucan cull'd
Fresh garlands to adorn the historic page.
Proud youth, whose liberal song was loved of old,
E'en in that vicious age, when haughty Rome
Gasp'd at the foot of a licentious lord!
While Cato's name shall fill the listening ear,

And Freedom's voice be cherish'd, still shall live
Thy manly thoughts, and from the glowing mind
Draw praise, above thy verse, which bears the taint
Of that polluted time! For not to all,
Not to the bards of falling Rome was giv'n
To sound that vocal shell, whence Milton drew
Numbers sonorous, fraught with science deep;
Such as majestic Greece had wondering heard,
Nor Freedom's proudest sons disdain'd to own.
Nymphs of Permessus! ye, who chastely guard
The bowers of poesy, and guide the streams
Of witching music; pardon, if uncall'd
I tread with foot adventurous the bank
Of pale Pirene, or the flowery marge
Of fabled Helicon! O holy bards,
Whose spirits hovering yet endear the vales
Of Temple evergreen, and leafy shades
Of wood-crown'd Academus; or the grot,
Where Dorian Arethuse first heard the strains
Of rural minstrelsy! your voices pure

Still sound in fancy's ear, and oft by night
Breathe from aerial lyres the liquid notes
And high-toned melody of sacred song.
Such charm is yet in your primæval haunts
By that still gloom, in which the enraptur'd mind
Contemplates the stupendous vault of heav'n,
And feels the limitary thought expand
With thousand vast conceptions, undefined,
And stretching far amid the maze of worlds
Beyond the azure deep. At the calm hour
Of silent midnight, when the tranquil moon
Glides slowly o'er the spangled brow of heav'n,
Some sacred charm of melancholy strains
Steals soft (or seems to steal) upon the breeze,
Quiring from each bright orb to fancy's ear.
Oft have I listen'd to the sighing gale,
That heaves the rustling boughs, and, gazing round
With pleasing horror on the peaceful gloom,
Thought, that, while nature slept in still repose,
Some viewless spirit hover'd on the breeze

Revisiting the scenes of former joy,
To muse on one, it loved; and breathe around
O'er each lone vale, green bank, or mossy stream,
The sweet enchantment of immortal sounds.
Nor seldom, when the heart is sad, the soul
To such illusions wild its spirit lends.
For sorrow is to harmony allied
By some mysterious tie: the saddest bird
Sings sweetest, and its soul-delighting plaint
Bears melody, which not the blithesome lark
Caroling can ever reach; the maid forlorn,
Love-crazed, and blighted in the bud of youth,
Will lay her by the secret gurgling stream,
That slowly winds beneath some spreading shade,
Where mournful fancies dwell, and all the day
Warble the sorrowfullest ditties sweet;
Nor would she change her melancholy lay,
And pillow strew'd with many a mystic flow'r,
For pomp, or wealth, or pleasure's joyous dream.
The mournful music of her sorrow spreads

A strange infectious charm: the very winds,
That kiss her lovely form, more softly blow;
And, as they curl around her virgin limbs,
Waving with innocent breath her tresses loose,
Seem fearful, lest their fond and sportive touch
Should scare her gentle grief. For Zephyrs have
Their modulations mild, which sweetly lull
The melancholy soul: there's not a breeze,
That fans the purple year, and spreads around
Thousand soft odors from its gentle breath,
But leaves some sad rememberance, as it goes,
Some painful memory of past delights,
Pleasing, tho' painful. To the feeling heart
All nature breathes harmonious. Are there not
In the sweet gales, that wake the dewy morn,
In the soft night-breeze, and the murmuring stream,
Ay even in the thunderous hurricane,
Sounds exquisite, which touch some consonant nerve,
And thrill the ear? There is a mystery
In every form, in every varied sound:

For art doth but arrest the fleeting shapes
And combinations of sweet harmony;
And they, who read aright fair nature's book,
Will find a charm in every desert spot
To solace life. O sacred harmony,
Sweet gift of heaven to soothe the troubled soul,
And sweeter still to sing the giver's praise;
In every age by every worship call'd,
Christian, or Heathen, to adorn the pomp
Of holy festival! And fitly so
His pagan priests their mystic anthems raise
In Eastern climes to his immortal name,
Mightiest, and first, and best, by all adored,
Gaudma, or Codom and Somona call'd,
Or Foe, or Boodh, one great eternal God;
Who, when the world was made, one giant foot
On stony* Meeaday, on Ceylon one,
Firm fixed, did bestride the peopled earth,
Viewing his fair creation. To such strains
Holiest, enchanted nature seems to bend

* See Symes's Embassy to Ava.

In solemn acquiescence; all, that breathes,
That moves, that lives, and feels the genial sun,
Is held by witchery of sacred song
Listening its maker's praise; sweet tribute paid
To the Omnipotent, and then best paid,
When virtuous sorrow holds each meaner thought
In calm subjection. Such persuasion is
E'en in idolatrous strains; raised by the voice
Of zealous priests to the creative Pow'r,
Whose word hath hung the infinite of heav'n
With countless worlds and vast; whose anger sends
Destruction forth amongst his guilty sons,
Tempest, and war, and famine's blighting scath,
And wither'd shapes of pestilential death
In yellow autumn, when the hollow winds
Howl sickly, loaded with the wrath of heav'n.

THE

PEACE OF AMIENS.

After the manner of "The flow'rs of the forest."
See MINST. SCOT. BORD. *v.* 2.

1802.

Our arms have thunder'd,
And Europe has wonder'd
At trophies of valor by Britain display'd;
But April expiring
Has heard the guns firing,
To sound the sad fall of her glory and trade.

The pow'r of France growing,
All thrones to her bowing,
Our wealth to republican losels a prey,
Our trophies all faded,
Though proudly paraded,
The tackle, which held us, is all cut away.

With flags gaily flying,
Her big canvass plying,
O'er the dark lap of ocean the stout vessel sail'd;
With sound timbers swimming,
Her course safely trimming,
Tho' long by the tempest and billows assail'd.

But her pilot all fearful,
With eyes sad and tearful,
Has struck on the shallows avoiding the tide;
And the waters quick rising,
Her glories despising,
Will loose all her timbers, and break o'er her side.

I've heard the loud thunder,
Which made Europe wonder,
When our navy rode free o'er the boisterous seas;
I've heard the war sounding,
The wide world confounding,
But sweeter, than treacherous carol of peace.

Each ancient alliance
With feeble compliance
Abandon'd a prey to a renegade's sway,
The pow'r of France growing,
All thrones to her bowing,
The tackle, which held us, is all cut away.

THE

RUINS OF ROME;

BEING THE

FIRST PART OF AN ODE BY GUIDI.

From the Italian.

1804.

1.

O BLESS'D Arcadia*, learning's hallow'd fane!
Where, shelter'd from the storms of dubious fate,
On Rome's proud hills we find a safe retreat;
And, from this tranquil solitary seat,
The glorious form behold
Of that illustrious city old.
Lo, where, beneath the scourge of years,
In firm undaunted state
Her martial head she boldly rears;
Her wonderous piles, which yet unharm'd remain,

* L'Academia degli Arcadi, a society at Rome, of which Guidi was admitted a member in 1691.

Still rise with proud disdain;
And warm beneath the ashes of her fame
Still glows the vigor of the Latin name.

2.

Proud and unconquerable still is Rome,
Though stretch'd on earth her limbs gigantic lie.
The fell barbarian war
Pour'd from the fatal northern star,
And the destructive shock
Of angry Time, she seems to mock;
All-glorious are the ruins of her land,
And her great monuments eternal stand.
And we, upon the honor'd plain,
Where flows old Tiber's matchless stream,
Behold his swollen waters rolling by
With conscious pride of ruling still supreme
O'er all the mighty billows of the main.

3.

There stood the stately bridge,
Where groan'd the wheels of the triumphal car

Laden with spoils of Asiatic war!
There hung the standards, once in battle borne,
And beaks from hostile vessels torn!
Mark the superb Tarpeian rock,
Whose hardy bosom nurs'd the sons of fame;
Where many a chained king,
To glut with servile shame
Imperial Rome's almighty will
From Parthia captive or from Egypt led,
Has heard the edict fulmine o'er his head!

4.

Behold the formidable shade
Of that stupendous pile, by Titus rear'd!
How lofty, how immensely grand,
Its venerable ruins stand!
When first the wonderous walls appear'd,
The wrathful hands of Time,
Who saw the monsterous mass his threats oppose,
From many a distant clime
To strike the fatal blows

Barbarian steel and Gothic fury led.
Yet see, where still it rears its awful head!
The huge remains, which seem to scorn their foes,
Resentful yet of those injurious bands,
Stand proudly menacing the hostile lands.

5.

There towers the hill from great Quirinus named;
Where thoughtful sate those proud Patricians old,
And in their mighty souls ambitious framed
Sad chains and servile woes
To tame their stubborn foes,
The hardy Dacian and the Briton bold.
Now is the hallow'd land
Ruled by a milder hand;
Celestial cares unruffled there abide,
And golden laws and dovelike peace reside.

SONETTO.

" Hermosura infelíz, siempre nacida
Para mortal estrago de la vida."
LA RAQUEL.

O luci angeliche, amorose, e belle,
Da che sul delicato e dolce viso
Lampeggia placido e soave il riso,
Duci siete d'amor, beate stelle!
Oimè bellezze dolci sì, ma felle!
Oimè 'l bel sguardo, che ha ogni cor conquiso!
Le mille grazie care in van ravviso,
Vaghe sempre, mutabili, e novelle!
Perfide duci! lusinghiere scorte!
Ovunque voi lanciate i chiari lampi,
Par che baleni amor, ed arda gioia:
Ma dietro siede infausta e dura sorte;
Quanto più avvien che il bel splendor avvampi,
Tanto ci seguirà più grave noja.

AD

AMICUM,

IN

NORVEGIAM PROFECTURUS.

" Quæ causa remotas
Quærendi sedeis, frigidaque arva, viris?
Libertas, nequidquam alibi quæsita: sub Arcto
Hospitibus tandem tuta reperta novis."
Laurentius Norrmannus ap. Rudbeck. in Lap. illust.

1802.

O EGO siquando Americæ ferar hospes ad oras,
Quà Canadæ juxta nemora atque ignota locorum
Volvitur immani fluviorum maximus alvêo;
Aut, Australasiæ fines atque arva Demani
Omine collustrans dextro, prope litus amœnum
Longinqui maris in gremio nova mœnia condam!
Ipsum ultra oceanum magnoque sonantia fluctu
Litora Sumatræ penetrare et saxa Timori
Mens avet. O quondam nostros ea terra nepotes
Libertate suâ excipiat, longinqua Selandi
Quæ juga prospiciens Australi tunditur undâ!

Hìc olim (si fata sinant, aut anxia mentis
Ausa meæ fatum superent) veneranda futuri
Ad vada* Dalripylæ regni fundamina ponam.
Sint modò, qui mecum rudis ad cunabula vitæ
Ire velint, vastosque oculis lustrare recessus,
Quo nunc perculsus studio inter devia rupum
Scandiæ ad horribilis nemorosas deferar Alpes.
O juga pinifera, et fractis reboantia saxis
Flumina, quàm vellem vestri requiescere longùm
Ruris in hospitio, gelida inter lustra ferarum!
Libera vos auditis enim, neque sævus honores
Sprevit adhuc vestros pede Gallicus induperator;
Qui nunc per magnas Anglorum turpiter urbes
Percellit populum, et major de pace triumphat.
O patria, o animo semper carissima nostro,
Si tibi mens eadem, et virtus antiqua maneret,
Nulla tibi me subriperent discrimina fati;
Sed potiùs te suspicerem, potiúsque cadenti
Hærerem, et penitus nullo divellerer ævo!
Quòd si dura pati fatum est, perdique Britannûm

* Dalrymple river in Van Dieman's land.

Res statuit Pater omnipotens, saltem inde sinebat
Magnâ mente animisque tamen procumbere victos.
Occubuisse parum est, socii! mallem omnia raptet,
Omnia victor agat ferrêo pede barbarus hostis,
Quàm Britonum, tot post securæ secula laudis,
Proculcari animos turpique senescere somno.
O Thamesine pater fluviorum, et nobilis Humber,
Et virgo Sabrina Locrini regia proles,
Tamaraque, et liquido delabens Usa fluento,
Nonne foret satius regna ultra Sauromatarum
Ircutscam lavere indigetes, gelidæque Tobolscæ
Æternâ nive constringi, quàm talia tristes
Vidisse, et penitus raptum flevisse decorem,
Olim armis quæsitum, armis et sanguine vestrûm?
Sed (quoniam, necdum confecto corpore regni,
In medio victrix languet certamine virtus,
Et, quibus imperium pelagi magnique patebant
Ditia regna maris custodi turbida fluctu,
Nunc patimur segnes positisque labascimus armis)
Ponemus patrios alio sub sole penates.
Care comes, qui mecum in primo limine vitæ

Dulcia Pierii libâsti pocula fontis,
Iisdem odiis, uno patriæ commotus amore,
Te socium studeo mihi quondam in sede Demani;
Cui conclusa mari natalibus æstuat arvis
Magna gemens anima, et luctu languescit inermi.
Nam neque, quem patriæ quondam victricis imago
Juvit, et antiquo regum sub sanguine virtus,
Te servile jugum prostrato admittere collo
Ipsius ante pedes reor aut sub consule segnem
Malle pati, quàm regna ultra spumantia ponti
Virtutemque rudem proavorum et jura fovere
Libera. Non ego, si centum mihi tecta paterent
Aurea, magnificis circùm lucentia gazis,
Tale quid appeterem, mentemque inducere possem,
Ut paterer raptâ de libertate triumphum;
Sed potiùs silvarum umbras et sola ferarum
Antra colens, mœstam solarer carmine mentem,
Ad vada Dalripylæ, vel litora rauca Selandi,
Incultasque rudi proscindens vomere glebas
Messe novâ flavisque docerem fulgere culmis.

FROM

OSSIAN'S BERRATHON.

1801.

Ἀκλειεῖς τεθνᾶσιν, ὅσοι ποτε φάσκον ἄριστοι
Ἐμμεναι, ἐδ' ἐδύναντο μέλαιναν κῆρ' ὑπαλυξαι.
Ἀνθρώπων δὴ φῦλα κυλίνδεται ἄλλα μετ' ἄλλα·
Ὥσπερ ἐν αἰγιαλῷ κλύζοντος κύματα πόντου,
Ὥσπερ δάσκια φύλλα Μορυείνης βαθυδένδρου
Τηλεθάει· ἄνεμος δὲ τὰ μὲν φέρει, ἄλλα δὲ θηλεῖ·
Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενέη ἀλλάσσεται. Ἀρά γε πότμου
Ἡ κεφαλὴ ἀπάμυνεν ἐϋ κράτος Ὀσκαρίοιο,
Ἡ χάρις ἀμβροσίη Ῥυνῶος κῆρ' ἀλέεινεν;
Κωμαλίδης αὐτὸς τέθνηκεν, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν,
Χρυσέον τ' ἐκλέλαθεν πατερῶν δόμον· ἐδὲ γέραιος
Μοῖραν ἀοιδοπόλος ὑπαλύξομαι, ὡς ἀπόλοντο
Ἥρωες· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν κλέος ἔσσεται, ἠΰτε φῆγος
Εἰνι Μορυείνῃ ταυφύλλῳ, ὅπερ ἀέλλης
Ἀντήρειδε κόμας, ἀνέμοιό τε ἶφι ἀνάσσει.

FROM

GESNER.

By W. FRERE, Esq.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

1797.

Αἰ, αἰ, Ἔρως, φίλε θαῖμον, ἄμ' εἴαρος ἅματι πράτῳ
Τοί ποκα βῶμον ἔδειμα, μύχῳ κάπω θυόεντος·
Καὶ περὶ μὲν μύρτως, περὶ δ' αἱμασίαν ῥοδοέσσαν
Ἔσπειρ'. Ἦρ' ἔ τοι, ὅσσ' ἄμματα λευκὰ δέδορκεν,
Τοὶ δροσερὸς αἰεὶ ξέφανος βώμῳ ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
Χερσὶν ἐμαῖς κεῖται πεπονημένος, ἀγνὸν ἄγαλμα;
Μαψιδίως· ἠδὴ κρατεροὶ χείμωνος ἀῆται
Δένδρων τε θαμνῶν τε διεσκέδασαν βαθὺ φύλλον,
Σκληρὰ δ' ἐσι κόρα, ὡς εἴαρος ἅματι πράτῳ.

THE END.

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